

ORCHESTRA, A POEM OF  
DANCING\* 29

Reason hath both their pictures in her  
Treasure ; Where Time the Measure of all  
moving is, And Dancing is a Moving in all  
measure, Now, if you do resemble that to  
this, And think both One; I think, you  
think amiss ! BM if you judge them Twins ,  
together got> And Time first born ; your  
judgement erreth not !

24\*

Thus doth it equal age with Age enjoy,  
An&yet, in lusty youth for ever flowers !  
Like LOVE, his Sire ! whom painters make a  
boy ;  
Yet is he Eldest of the Heavenly Powers.  
Or like his brother Time, whose  
winged hours, Going\* and  
coming, will not let him die, But  
still preserve him in his infancy,

i 25.

This said, the Queen, with her sweet lips  
divine\* Gently began to move the subtle  
air, Which gladly yielding, did itself  
incline To take a shape between those  
rubies fair; And being formed, softly did  
repair,

With twenty doublings in the empty  
way\* Unto ANTJNOUS' ears, and thus  
did say.

26.

What eye doth see the heaven, but doth  
admire  
When it the movings of the heavens  
doth see ?  
Myself } if I<sub>y</sub> to heaven may once aspire ;  
If that be Dancing, will a dancer be I  
But as for this, your frantic jollity !  
How it began, or whence you  
did it learn\* I never could t  
with Reason's eye discern ?